

## WHERE DO THE BAGPIPES COME FROM ?

[According to the *Daily News*, Sir A. MACKENZIE does not believe the Bagpipe is the national instrument of Scotland.]

Are they of early English origin ?



Or did they come from Ancient Assyria ?



Or did the Ethiopians invent them ?



Or were they obligingly "Made in Germany ?"

## A NICE NIGHT AT SEA.

(Extracts from the *Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.*)

*Gulf of Lyons, Friday.*—The casual traveller on Continental railways, especially in France, is familiar with the official attitude towards the hapless wayfarer. The leading idea is to make the journey as difficult and as uncomfortable as possible. The plan is based on treatment of parcels or baggage. The passenger is bundled about, shunted, locked up in waiting-rooms, and finally delivered in a limp state at whatever hour and whatsoever place may suit the convenience of the railway people. Discover the same spirit dominant in management and arrangements of the sea service. Steamer from Marseilles to Tunis advertised to sail to-day at noon. On taking tickets, ordered to be on board at ten o'clock. Why two hours before starting? Gentleman behind counter shrugs his shoulders, hugs his ribs with his elbows, holds out his hands with deprecatory gesture and repeats, "*A dix heures, Monsieur.*" Gestures even more eloquent than speech. Plainly mean that unless we are alongside punctually at ten o'clock our blood, or rather our passage, will be on our own heads. Spoils a morning; might have gone about town till eleven o'clock; breakfasted at leisure; sauntered on board a few minutes before noon. However, when in Marseilles chant the "*Marseillaise.*"

Down punctually at ten; found boat in course of loading; decks full of dirt and noise, the shouting of men, the creaking of the winch, the rattling of the chains. Best thing to do is to find our cabin, stow away our baggage, and walk on the quay, always keeping our eye on the boat lest she should suddenly slip her moorings and get off to sea without us. Look out for steward. Like the Spanish fleet, steward is not yet in sight. Roaming about below, come upon an elderly lady, with a lame leg, an alarming squint, and a waist like a ship's. (Never saw a ship's waist, but fancy no mortal man could get his arm round it.) The elderly lady, who displayed signs of asthma, tells me she is the stewardess. Ask her where is our cabin. "*Voilà,*" she says. Following the direction of her glance, I make for a berth close by. Discover I had not made allowance for the squint; she is really looking in another direction. Carefully taking my bearings by this new light, I make for another passage; find it blocked up; stewardess explains that they are loading the ship—apparently through the floor of our cabin. "*Tout à l'heure,*" she says, with comprehensive wave of the hand.

Nothing to be done but leave our baggage lying about, go on deck, and watch the loading. Better not leave the ship. If the laborious Frenchmen in blouses and perspiration see our trunks, they will certainly pop them into the hold, where all kinds of miscellaneous parcels, cases and bales are being chucked without the slightest attempt at fitting in.

A quarter to twelve; only fifteen minutes now; getting hungry; had coffee and bread and butter early so as not to miss the boat. Watch a man below in the hold trying to fit in a bicycle with a four-hundredweight bale, a quarter-ton case, and a barrel of cement. Evidently piqued at resistance offered by the apparently frail, defenceless contrivance. Tries to bend the fore wheel so as

to accommodate the cask; that failing, endeavours to wind the hind wheel round the case; failing in both efforts, he just lays the bicycle loose on the top of the miscellaneous baggage and the hatch is battened down. In the dead unhappy night that followed, when the sea was on the deck, I often thought of the bicycle cavorting to and fro over the serrated ridge of the cargo.

Ten minutes to twelve; a savoury smell from the cook's galley. Suppose *déjeuner* will be served as soon as we leave the dock. Heard a good deal of superiority of French cooking aboard ship as compared with British. Some compensation after all for getting up early, swallowing cup of coffee and bread and butter, and rushing off to catch at ten o'clock a ship that sails at noon. Perhaps the cloth is laid now; better go and secure places. Find saloon. Captain and officers at breakfast, their faces illumined with the ecstasy born to a Frenchman when he finds an escargot on his plate. Evidently they are breakfasting in good time so as to take charge of the ship whilst *nous autres* succeed to the pleasures of the table. What's our hour, I wonder? Find some one who looks like a steward; ask him; says, "*Cinq heures et demie.*" A little late that for breakfast, I diffidently suggest. Explains not breakfast but dinner; first meal at 5.30 p.m. Can't we have *déjeuner* if I pay for it? I ask, ostentatiously shaking handful of coppers in trousers-pocket. No, he says, severely; that's against the *règlement*.

Steamer starts in seven minutes; noticed at dock-gates women with baskets of dubious food; dash off to buy some; clutch at a plate of sandwiches, alleged to be compacted of *jambon de York*. Get back just as gangway is drawn up. Sit on deck and munch our sandwiches. "I know that Ham," said SARK, moodily. "It came out of the Ark."

Recommitted it to the waves, giving it the bearings for Ararat. Ate the bread and wished half-past five or BLUCHER would come.

(For continuation of *Diary*, look out next week.)

## STRANGE FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

MR. PUNCH has been greatly puzzled by the following cryptic paragraph which appeared in one of the evening papers lately:

"A dead donkey we know sees to the burial of field mice to serve its private ends. In hot countries that no man has ever seen, and Mr. GRANT ALLEN says that the carrion beetle rapid decay accounts for the flesh . . ."

Does a deceased donkey inter field mice, either from selfish or disinterested motives? And how can Mr. GRANT ALLEN answer for what carrion beetles may do in hot countries that no man has ever seen?

Mr. Punch gives both these conundrums up—unless the answer is that two of the lines in the paragraph have been transposed.

## At the Hunt Ball.

Mr. Hardhit. Don't you think, Miss HIGHFLIER, that men look much better in pink—less like waiters?

Miss Highflier. Yes, but more like ring-masters—eh?

[HARDHIT isn't a bit offended, but seizes the opportunity.]



"'COS WHY."

Lord Charley. "BLANKED IF I CAN SEE ANY 'SPHERE OF BRITISH INFLUENCE'!"

## POETA NASCITUR, NON FIT.

[The *Evening News* and *London* having discovered a "Boy Poet," appeal to the public to support the incipient bard during the next two years. The head-master of the school which he adorns writes: "If he leaves school now I shall have the gravest fears as to his future. £100 is all that is needed to complete his education."]

DEAR patient Public, ever free  
To scatter wealth with lavish hand,  
You do not grudge your £ s. d.  
For charities you understand.  
But here we have a parlous case  
Of intellect most superfine,  
A poet boy would win a place,  
And 'mid the Rudyard Kiplings shine.  
Two editors have gripped his verse,  
His pedagogue his praises sounds,  
Let him not go from bad to worse  
In need of just one hundred pounds.  
The editors in cash are weak,  
The pedagogic pounds are few,  
They cannot keep this Rhythmic Freak  
And so, B.P., they come to you.  
The bounty he'll repay or owe it,  
But think how grand, you'll nurse a Poet!

## THE COMING BACK OF ARTHUR.

HERE we are again! at the Comedy Theatre, with Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS in his old form, and also in a variety of new ones, all of them, depend upon it, quite up to the very latest date. His wink and his nod (by the way, was there a "Land of Wink" as there was indubitably a "Land of Nod"? for if so this eccentric comedian should be King of the Winkers), his facial expression, his short, crisp, snappy way of uttering what may or may not be set down for him by Messrs. DAY AND ROSS, the adapters of *Milord Sir Smith*, and his grotesque by-play, are all inimitable. What matters the plot of a piece that has ARTHUR ROBERTS for its principal exponent? Nothing. His admiring public is satisfied if only the scenes hang together somehow, as long as their favourite has enough to do in every one of them. But besides ARTHUR ROBERTS, there is quaint Mr. ROBERT NAINBY, as *Monsieur Ligereau*, who is exceedingly funny, as is also Mr. CHARLES WIBROW as *Major McLachlan*. Miss ADA REEVE, "one of the life and souls" of the *dramatis personæ*, plays *Celeste*, and sings two capital songs, "*Cela va sans dire*," and "*Love me a little, Sue!*" The music by that eminent composer, with the tongue-tying name of JAKOBOWSKI, is very lively and catching, materially assisting the "go" of the piece, which will run till it drops, though there is little chance of any falling off as long as it is continually being freshened up. "A. R." is Ar-ful.

## THE GOLF-BALL AND THE SWEAR.

I DROVE a golf-ball into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where  
For who that sees not past his nose,  
Can follow a golf-ball where it goes?  
I heard a murmur in the air,  
It came, I scarce could tell from where;  
For who that's blind can hope to see  
Where other golfers chance to be?  
Not long afterwards, in the small  
Of my partner's back, I found the ball;  
And the swear from beginning to end,  
I found again on the lips of a friend.

A VALUABLE NATURAL ASSISTANT IN AN UPHOLSTERER'S ESTABLISHMENT. — The "Worm" that turns.



"FADER S GETTIN' BETTER. 'E'S BEGINNIN' TER SWEAR AGAIN!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. HENRY FROWDE has added the poetical works of WHITTIER to the treasure-house of the Oxford University Press. The dainty volume now issued is the first complete edition of the works of WHITTIER published on this side of the Atlantic. That statement suggests a bulky volume. Thanks to the use of the Indian paper which is the exclusive possession of the Oxford University Press, the collection, in pleasantly large type, is compressed within the limits of a handy volume. WHITTIER is perhaps best or, my Baronite suggests, worse known in this country by reason of the inclusion of many of his poems in the *Congregational Hymn Book*. It is curious and painful to see how the good deacons who compiled that sterling work, occasionally shocked by the overflowing charity and loving kindness of the Quaker poet, lopped his verse, improving it by variations of their own. Even in such calamitous circumstances, the sweet serenity, the exquisite turnings of WHITTIER's converse are so irresistible that the impress of the deacon's fat hand cannot altogether smudge its form. Here in this dainty edition will be found the well of WHITTIER undefiled. Those who know the poet's work will welcome it in

this new dress. Those who do not, have a rare pleasure in store, attainable by possession of the volume.

*Madonna Mia, and Other Stories* (GREENING & Co.), by CLEMENT SCOTT. The story which gives its title to the book has a seasonable Christmassy-Norfolky-Dumplingy flavour about it, the scene being in "Poppy Land," which, to a great extent, owes its poppylarity to the author of these stories. In *Poppy Land*, the junior members of the poppylation come forth to sing carols and pocket "largesse" from the lonely but liberal man who, as "barrister, writer, journalist, and dramatist,"—four single gentlemen rolled into one, making the pleasantest little quartette for a Christmas evening,—is sitting smoking by the fire, lost in admiration of a girl's face in a gold frame, whom *Launcelot Dashwood* addresses as "*Madonna Mia*" before kissing "the cold glass that covers the speaking features," after which the genial Baron hopes that he turned for consolation to the hot glass which should always, on a wintry night, be the boon companion of a fireside pipe. This is but the preface to a short story, too short because genuinely interesting, if only as prelude to a life's romance. All the stories are good; you are "Scott free" to pick 'em where you like. THE BARON DE B.-W.





### "HOPE DEFERRED MAKETH THE HEART SICK."

SCENE—The Thames, Midwinter, Wind N.E.

Coatless Novice. "SIX HOURS, AND WE'VE CAUGHT NOTHING!"

Well-Muffled Enthusiast. "GOOD GRACIOUS! IT ISN'T THE MERE CATCHING 'EM! IT'S THE ANTICIPATION!"

### AFTER THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER.

PEOPLE will consider it signally undignified to sit over their dessert in paper caps of variegated colours.

It will be time to renew the champagne bins with some effervescing beverage a little less injurious to health, if rather more expensive, than the famous Château Enespagne Brand (1898) (as advertised), at three shillings a dozen.

It will be desirable to despatch Young Hopeful to school out of reach of the malicious mince-pie and the poisonous plum-pudding.

It will be advisable to cast away the dust-collecting holly and the feeble joke suggesting mistletoe.

It will be necessary to avoid the persistent rate-collector, and the now happily superfluous doctor.

Lastly, all sorts and conditions of men may congratulate themselves that Christmas merry-making is adjourned for a twelvemonth.

### A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

II.

At the Pantomime.—As CONSTANCE and AUGUSTA say I really must take the dear children to pantomime, I meekly, though most unwillingly, agree. AUGUSTA's two elder girls, MAX, TOMMY, and, I deeply regret to find, "BOOTS," make up party. Have not yet got over shock of BOOTS' illness induced by over-eating himself whilst staying here last Christmas. Uncertain whether I have not positive dislike for Boots. Wish I had not consented to his coming. Secure box at theatre. Not quite clear about title of pantomime, *Old Mother Beanstalk*, or *Cinderella*, thrice Lord Mayor of London, I fancy. Next Wednesday, *matinée*. Children to be brought to station to meet me, and catch 11.15 up.

Wednesday.—Children all at station except BOOTS. I get tickets; then discover that they have tickets already. Hasten back to booking-office. Too late, train just coming in. BOOTS still missing. Great dis-

appointment of other children. Cannot share it myself. Awful sense responsibility taking girls from their nurses, and boys from solemn old Butler. As train steams off, MAX knocks S. O. B.'s hat over his eyes. Such high spirits. Wish spiritual attitude not quite so great. Glad to have missed BOOTS, anyhow. MAX tries to climb into hat-rack. Remonstrate. "Oh, that's all right, Uncle CHARLEY. Now then, STINKER" (to TOMMY) "give me a back." STINKER—TOMMY, I mean, oblige. MAX clambers up and gets one leg over rail, when ominous crack indicates breakage. Firmly command him to desist. Two girls evidently disgusted at their cousin's rough play. As train stops Westby, see BOOTS standing on platform. Wild yells from MAX and TOMMY greet him. He climbs in and gives me warm paw. Am (mercifully) gloved. Feel sure I dislike BOOTS. Arrive London. Get children up crowded platform and pass barrier. BOOTS missing. Dare not leave others to search for him. But what to do? Inform police? So public. Wire fond parents? So alarming. Beg MAX to remain in charge, at bookstall, whilst I search for BOOTS. Dear BOOTS! MAX winks and says "Crikey!" Dislike expression "Crikey," but no time to remonstrate. Rush frantically up and down and get hot. Hate getting hot. Most worried. Espy wretched BOOTS beside sweetmeat machine, weeping bitterly. Say, "All right, my little man: you're not lost, you see!" "Lost be blowed!" (so vulgar) he sobs. "I've been and put my penny in the slot and the beastly thing won't give out the toffee!" Horrid child. Hastily put in coin (which I afterwards find was half-a-crown), and obtain toffee. BOOTS mollified. Return to bookstall. More trouble. MAX has bought four newspapers and finds no money in pocket. Pay, and drag children off to cab. Very annoying. Too many for one cab. Afraid to leave boys; so mischievous. Suggest girls go in one cab, I and boys in another. Immediately negatived by girls; "Mamma said we were not to be left a moment." Send boys on in cab. Fearful misgivings. Follow closely with girls.

### WHAT HE WOULD HAVE SAID.

(From Sir A. C. Mackenzie's Musical Notebook, evidently mislaid at the Odd Sette's dinner.)

The bagpipes are not a peculiarly Scotch instrument of torture. "The Piper that played before MOSES," so frequently mentioned in Irish history, was probably of Hebrew or Egyptian extraction. The Fiddle was invented by a Scotchman, who was of course "First Fiddle." This instrument, it has been asserted, was invented by some one living by the Deeside. There is, however, some ground (near the river just mentioned) for this assertion in the rebuff given to him (Sir A.) when, on his claiming Scotch nationality for the violin, a descendant of the celebrated Miller of the Dee, a relation, it is probable, of the ancient "Joe," pooh-poohed his statement by snapping his finger and thumb, and exclaiming, "Fiddle de Dee." Being an eminently fair-minded and most certainly clear-headed man (*vide* photographs) Sir ALEXANDER was unable to express a Decided opinion. (*Cheers.*)

If there be any truth in the rumour to the effect that some new gigantic Cosmopolitan Stores are to be started in the S.W. district, it may be described as a modern attempt at "Out-Harroding HARROD."

## AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG.

I'll sing to you a good old song,  
Revised and up-to-date,  
Of the brand-new English gentleman  
We've read about of late.  
We scoff at rank and pedigree,  
The vulgar rich we slate—  
And DICK and TOM and HARRY  
For the future each may rate  
As a brand-new English gentleman  
Of the progressive type.

Now surely this is better far  
Than all the old parade  
Of finely-drawn distinctions,  
And looking down on trade.  
And better, too, than levelling  
All to the lowest grade.  
So "Let 'em all come," and alike  
Receive the homage paid  
To the brand-new English gentleman  
Of the progressive type.

## AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

AT A MUSIC HALL.

*Robinson.* I thought this was the best place to come to after our little dinner. No need to arrive before nine.

*Auguste.* Your little dinner was excellent, my dear.

*Ludwig.* Yes well.

*Rob.* Glad you liked it. We can manage a dinner in England when the dishes are French, and the wines are French, or German. And if we take a little water, that is German also. Here are our seats.

*Aug.* Ah, I recall these chairs, some veritable arms-chairs, so great, so large, where one is perfectly at his ease, and where all the world can to pass without to derange those who are sitted. How call you these places?

*Rob.* Oh, English music-hall managers think it's more elegant not to use English, so they call these seats *fauteuils*.

*Lud.* As man say in the Fatherland, *loge, parterre, parquet*.

*Aug.* Ah ça! As at us one serve himself of the word "ticket." All that who is English is enormously "smart." We say, as in English, "a snob," and "a smart."

*Rob.* That's just like French-English or English-French. In that sense smart is only an adjective. A smart is the pain after a mosquito-bite.

*Lud.* Ach so! Or after a "pin-prick."

*Rob.* By Jove! Yes—quite so—these seats do give you plenty of room.

*Aug.* Mon Dieu! Probably—oh yes—see there that pretty woman in that lodge there. What ravishing toilet! What bust and what shoulders! *Et une petite nuque si délicieuse*—how say you that?

*Rob.* We've no word for it. We could only say, "Such a charming little back of the neck."

*Aug.* *Sapristi, quelle phrase!* Such a charming little break of the neck. *Oh, la la!*

*Rob.* No, no! "Back," not "break."

*Aug.* Charming little neck of the back. *Moi je préfère "la nuque."* Your English phrase is so long that she would suffice to indicate the neck of an ostrich.

*Lud.* What sing they now?

*Rob.* I don't know. Russian, or Spanish, or Hungarian, or something of the sort. An Englishman can hardly ever understand anything in an English music-hall, unless it's in French, which it sometimes is.

*Aug.* And however the English boys play a Latin piece. *Tiens!* The other day an amiable friend has gived me a ticket, and I



## THE SEASON'S GIFTS.

*Mistress (having rung for dinner).* "MARY, YOU'RE VERY LATE WITH DINNER. ISN'T IT READY?"

*Mary.* "IF YOU PLEASE, MUM, COOK AND ME WAS JUST SENDING OFF OUR NEW YEAR'S CARDS. WE SHA'N'T BE LONG, NOW."

am goad to see the *Andria* at the College of Westminster. *Sapristi*, what pronunciation of the Latin! I have not comprehended one sole word. But it was very curious to see, and the boys played not bad. The music during the between-acts, is it that this was the music of the Romans? I believed that not.

*Rob.* You were right. It was the most inappropriate music, chiefly from Gaiety burlesques.

*Aug.* But sometimes one hears in a music hall the poetry of the poet of the Court, is it not? Ah, you say "By Appointing to the Queen," *Fournisseur de la Reine*.

*Lud.* Ach so! *Hoflieferant, Hofdichter*. *Rob.* The verses of the Poet Laureate, you mean. Not often, thank goodness!

*Aug.* *Tiens!* I know the names of the four English poets of the first rank, those of whom the poems appear in your most great journal, the *Times*. There is Reverend HEADLEY and JANE OAKLEY, who write the more often, and AUSTIN and a certain KIPLING. But this last I comprehend him not often.

*Rob.* Nor do we, when he writes about steam engines. But Miss OAKLEY's poetry is among the advertisements, and ALFRED

AUSTIN's is not. There is that difference between them.

*Aug.* Ah, *vraiment!* As that Mr. AUSTIN must pay much more dear the printing of his poems. In the French journals an announce which has not the air of an announce costs very dear.

*Lud.* Why drink nobody beer here? In Germany drink man ever beer in a such theatre, and also very often eat man beef-steaks or calfflesh.

*Rob.* Are you hungry or thirsty?  
*Lud.* Hungry, ah no! Not yet. And also not extraordinary thirsty. But I would very willing a pair glass beer drink.

*Rob.* And you?  
*Aug.* Un bock? Eh well, I refuse him not.  
*Rob.* Then let us go out to the bar now, and come back before the ballet.

## A Chance for Barnum.

THE following advertisement is taken from the *Wolverhampton Express and Star*: HALF-LEGGED Horse, 15½ hands; good worker; price £5.—Apply, Meat Stores.

BARNUM should at once secure this Freak, which is cheap at the price.



*Sportsman (after a day's "shoot").* "JUST FANCY—JUST BY HAYWARD'S COPSE, TO-DAY, WE SAW A COUPLE OF FOXES."  
*Miss Jones (from Clapham).* "DEAR ME! THAT WAS LUCKY! AND DID YOU SHOOT THEM BOTH?"

### DEPRECIATIONS.

#### III.

#### ALFREDOCLES ON ETNA.

["Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, who has been travelling in Sicily, is enjoying the hospitality of the Duke of BRONTE at his *Castello* in the environs of Mount Etna."—*Social Bits.*]

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. ALFR-D AUST-N (*a poet*).

TIMOLEON (*a local courier*).

SCENE: *Etna: the crater's edge.* Wind,  
*E. by N.*

LEAVE me, TIMOLEON; I would be alone.  
 To hold communion with my thoughts  
 awhile.

Rest you in some convenient crevasse  
 Not very far, for fear of fresh eruptions  
 Or brigands who should know me ransom-  
 worth

And might be deaf to music. Let me have  
 Simply the sandwich-tin and cactus-figs  
 (*Opuntia Amygdala*) and the flask—  
 His Excellency's good Marsala brand—  
 I would converse with these and solitude.

*A rivederci!* [Exit TIMOLEON.]

So, alone! alone!

Apollo's votary on the crater's verge!  
 More sulphurous from Etna's heaving hole  
 Exhale the strident fumes than when I stood  
 At Delphi once and plucked the drastic bays.

I will proceed to windward lest I choke.

[Walks round to East side of crater.  
 That's better! Let me now observe the  
 dawn.

[Consults watch and waits. The sun rises.  
 How punctual above the Ionian waves,  
 Dimpled for welcome, lo! the orient light  
 Impinges on my somewhat gelid nose,  
 And burnishes yon phanerogamous plants,  
*Robertsia Taraxacoides*  
 And *Anthemis Etnensis*, hardy shrubs  
 That court the upper circles; kindling, too,  
 The conifers that crown the midway zone  
 (*Pinus Laricio*, to be precise),  
 But leaving dark athwart the lower slopes  
 The boon of Bacchus, with the shoreward  
 groves

Of oranges and lemons, fit to suck;  
 The latter best with soda, and a touch  
 Of sweetening matter. 'Tis indeed a scene  
 Repays the trumpery travail of ascent  
 Even without funicular support.  
 But time escapes and there is work to do  
 If I would play EMPEDOCLES his part.  
 Here where I stand, though later in the  
 year

After the tourist season, he resolved  
 His body into various elements;  
 Just at this moment I forget what for;  
 Perchance his liver was the primal cause,  
 Though he alleged, I think, a nobler pain.  
 I had the facts by heart, two nights ago,

But climbing clogs the memory. Anyhow  
 World-sick he must have been; and so  
 am I.

'Tis not enough reproach that I should be  
 The common butt of impious parodists,  
 A prey to critics who ignore me quite  
 Or wedge me in among the minor bards;  
 But, worse than all, the New Year's honour-  
 roll

With annual persistence leaves me out!  
 Not for myself—I do not greatly care  
 To be a belted knight, and rank with them,  
 Gross guinea-pigs and grocer Aldermen,  
 Whom kings delight to honour—not for  
 that;

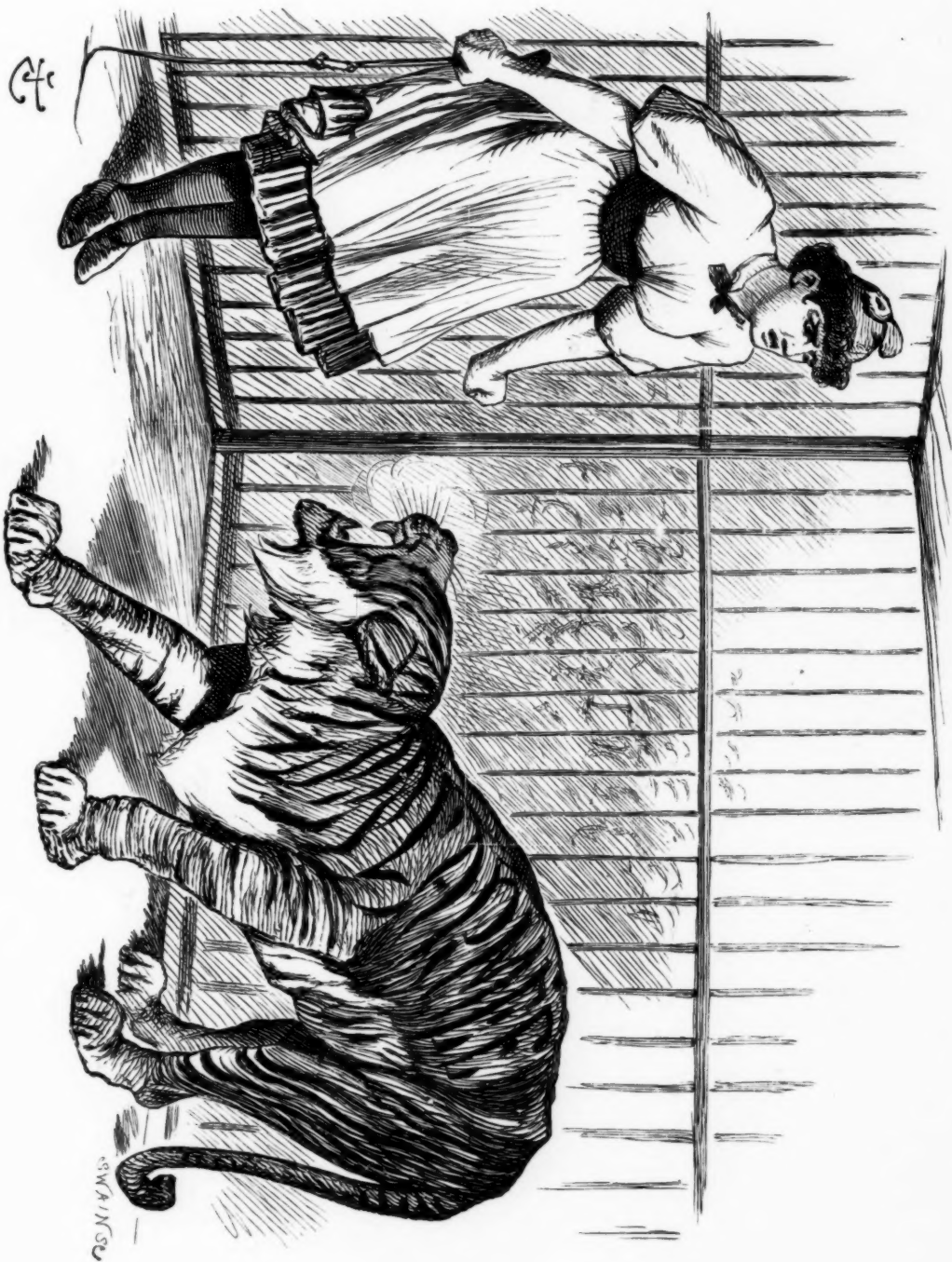
But for Apollo's, for the Muses' sake,  
 I often blush to be without a title.  
 Must I, their darling, ultimately die  
 Plain ALFRED? Never! I would perish first.  
 Nor could I find a likelier spot than this  
 Nor one more apt in lethal precedent.  
 O Etna! O volcanic vacuum!  
 'Neath which Typhoeus lies superbly crushed  
 I come! Cremate me in thy seething oven!  
 O unappreciative World, farewell.  
 Steady, my bays!

[Tightens laurel-wreath on head.]

I now propose to plunge!

But stay! Some record there should be of this,  
 That men may gather roughly where I am  
 And growing wise at length to know my  
 worth





## SUSPENSE!

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE (to herself). "MON DIEU! WILL HE TURN ON ME?"

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May plant a beacon on the crater's brink  
Of bronze, or adamant, or local lava,  
And dedicate the same with flowers of  
speech.

As I myself unveiled the other day  
That thing of CÆDMON'S. Ha! a precedent  
Once more bequeathed me by EMPEDOCLES,  
Who left, by inadvertence, it is true,  
His slipper on the summit when he dived.  
So let me leave behind one walking-boot,  
Hob-nailed, a priceless relic, like to naught  
In his (EMPEDOCLES') philosophy.

[Unlaces and removes right boot.

And now I positively mean to plunge!  
But stay, again! a hideous after-thought  
Holds me reluctant. If I disappear,  
Whom will they wreath with laurels in my  
room?

It might conceivably be Mr. W-ts-n!

And I should very much object to that.  
I never liked his attitude to ABDUL;  
Nor does he take my poems seriously,  
Not as he takes his own. And if the crown  
Declined on him, I think my toasted ghost  
Would rise protesting from his fiery bed.  
I cannot bear to picture it! No, no!  
I must regretfully decline to plunge.

[Declines to plunge. Re-enter TIMOLEON.

Ah! Must I rouse me from my reverie?  
More facile should our downward footing be;  
Yet, speaking as a crow, I understand  
Some twenty kilometres, point to point,  
Divide me from the ducal déjeuner.  
"Avante"? Certainly; but let me first  
Resume my dexter boot. Ecco, I come!

### DICK AT THE 'DELPHI.

THERE are features in Mr. OSCAR BARRETT'S pantomime, which, apart from those of the bevy of beauties engaged to represent "The Chimes," "City Companies," and "Idle Apprentices," should render *Dick Whittington*, by Mr. HORACE LENNARD, at the Adelphi, most attractive to the pantomime-loving public.

The scenery, by Messrs. BARRETT, EMDEN, and H. B. POTTS ("Paint-Potts," of course), is artistically good, the costumes are fanciful, grotesque, and elegant. The grand transformation scene (HENRY EMDEN) of "The Triumph of Cupid," is as effectively brilliant a picture as any lover of modern pantomimic display could possibly desire. Mr. BARRETT'S original music is light, tuneful, and dramatic throughout, while the popular tunes of the day are skillfully introduced with excellent effect.

Miss AMY AUGARDE is an operatic *Dick*, and Miss MARIE MONTROSE a charming *Alice*. It is a long time since a better cat has been seen than Mr. O. E. LENNON, who, not speaking but acting, shows himself a master of art in pantomime. Mr. EDWARD LEWIS, as the *Idle Apprentice*, is invaluable; while Mr. GEORGE RANSFORD and Mr. HARRY RAY, as *The Mate* and *Bo'sen*, do to perfection all the "knock-about" business which used to be associated with the Two Macs, the twenty whacks, and the fifty smacks. Mr. FRED EASTMAN is very funny as *Cicely the Cook*. Miss MILLIE LEGARDE, as *Captain Spanker*, and his sweetheart *Polly*, Miss FLORRIE HARMON, with their singing and dancing, lend material aid to the success of the ensemble.

After the transformation scene we are treated to two scenes of "old-fashioned and Grimaldian Harlequinade" in which GEORGE DANVERS and HARRY GARDNER strictly adhere to the old-fashioned traditions of *Pantaloon* and *Clown*. Mr. HARRY SOFTLY (delightful name for a *Harlequin*) strikes all the historic attitudes associated with this



### OPEN TO DOUBT.

Ostler (dubiously, to 'Arry, who is trying to mount on the wrong side). "BEG PARD'N, SIR, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE QUITE ACCUSTOMED TO 'OSSES, SIR?"

mysterious character, lowers and raises his mask at the right times, and uses his magic wand gracefully and with a definite purpose. He proceeds by "bounds" but not by "leaps," as not once does he jump through a window. The *Columbine*, Miss ELSIE DE VERE, is "nice," but what can she or *Harlequin* do when all step-dancing has been exhausted in the opening? Still, Mr. BARRETT'S revival of the "comic business" is a move in the right direction, and if, next Christmas, he will sacrifice two or three scenes in the "opening," and continue some real good pantomimic scenes with "all the modern improvements," he has at hand in Mr. HARRY GARDNER a first-rate specimen of the real genuine old "Joey" school as *Clown*.

### MR. PUNCH SUPPORTS THE OCEAN PENNY POST IN 1851!

A CORRESPONDENT calls attention to a passage which appeared in *Mr. Punch's* pages as far back as June 7, 1851. On page 286 of his 20th Volume the Sage wrote as follows:—

"Mr. Punch is disposed to conclude that

the best and cheapest intercommunication with our friends and connexions across the billows, would be the 'Ocean Penny Postage' recommended by Mr. ELIHU BURRITT, who demonstrates the feasibility of the scheme in a pamphlet whereunto *Punch* refers the Government. 'An Ocean Penny Post' we shall have sooner or later. SHAKESPEARE, who prophesied under pretence of writing plays, has foretold it in the well-known lines of *Macbeth*:—

'The Weird Sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land.'

"The Sisters, represented in such amicable conjunction, are clearly Fraternity, Affection, and Business; and their description as posters of both divisions of the globe, evidently has reference to their presiding over a Universal Penny Postage.

"In conclusion, *Mr. Punch* begs to express his opinion that ROWLAND HILL, even when completely at sea, will never be out of his reckoning."

So it has taken the G. P. O. only a little more than forty-eight years to carry out a scheme declared in 1851 to be "feasible." Bravo St. Martin's le Grand! A Record!



A PREHISTORIC "PEACE CONFERENCE"!

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"PLEASE, GENTLEMAN, WON'T YOU GIVE ME AN' MY BROTHERS AN' SISTERS SOMETHIN'?"

"WHY, YOU ARE SURELY NOT ALL OF ONE FAMILY?"

"YES, GENTLEMAN, WE'RE ALL TWINS!"

### SEEING IS BELIEVING.

(A Study in the Supernatural.)

TIME, about 11 P.M.; on the side of the road opposite a highly respectable terrace in a Suburban district, a small crowd has collected. The gaze of all is fixed expectantly upon a certain house, the stuccoed front of which has a sinister and secretive air, with its darkened windows and fanlight gleaming black in the light of a street-lamp that flickers fitfully at every gust. There is no moon, and great clouds are racing past in the livid sky. Most of the crowd loiter with a slightly shamefaced air and a transparent affectation of having merely halted for a moment in passing, and without any particular purpose.

Mrs. Yallapp (a thin, bilious matron, to her friend Mrs. UMNEY, a stout, comfortable dame). Well, there ain't bin much to see, so far!

Mrs. Umney. We ain't bin 'ere not above 'alf an hour. I dunno what you expect, Mrs. YALLAPP, I'm sure!

Mrs. Yall. I expect to be laid up with the roomatics, standin' about on a damp pavement like I am now.

Mrs. Umn. (optimistically). You may see somethink any minnit now, there's no tellin'.

Mrs. Yall. If I'd come out in my thick soles, I wouldn't say a word. But you did bustle me to that degree I put whatever come 'andy on my feet, and there's a chill strikin' up my legs now that—

Mrs. Umn. Well, don't worry about it. Stomp your feet, Mrs. YALLAPP, muum—or else go 'ome. I'm lettin' yer.

Mrs. Yall. (in the tone of a martyr). Now I am 'ere, I may as well see it out. I'm not one to desert my friends.

Mrs. Umn. Don't you lay your death at my door then, because I can take care o' myself, I can.

A New Arrival (addressing a Reticent Spectator). Anythink the matter oppposite, Mister?

The Ret. Spec. You're as well able to see as what I am, ain't you?

The N. A. I can't see nothink goin' on. (Hopefully.) It ain't a MURDER, is it?

The Ret. Spec. (oracularly). That's as may be. You wait 'ere long enough, and you'll be as wise as me.

The N. A. Ah. That is somethink to look forward to, ain't it?

A Chatty Bystander (to him). Why, they do say as 'ow one o' them 'ouses oppposite is 'aunted like.

The N. A. 'Aunted? What by?

The Ch. By. Now you're arskin' more'n I can tell yer. But it's a ghost, anyway.

The N. A. (interested). Ghost o' anybody in partickler?

The Ch. B. There you 'ave me agin. All I know is, there's parties as 'ave seen it.

A Well-informed Person. I can tell yer all about it. No. 13, it's at, which, as you may see for yourself, ain't lived in, bein' rendered uninhabitable. And it's 'aunted by a little old man in a brown tail coat, with a skellington's 'ed on 'im.

A Better-informed P. 'Escuse me, you ain't got it quite right. It's a tall, thin female in grey with no 'ed at all. I 'appen to know it.

A still Better-inf. P. No, no, you're both wrong—it's nothink o' that. Jest knockin's and ringin's and blue lights, thet's all there is. I 'eard it on reliable authority.

The Well-inf. P. But look 'ere, the barman at the "Bull and 'Orns" round the corner see a skellington in a brown coat with brass buttons with his own eyes as plain as I see you, settin' on the parapit only last Toosday evenin'.

The Better-inf. P. Then there's a pair of 'em, that's all, for the lydy at the tobaccker shop see the Grey Woman herself lookin' outer one o' the droring-room winders. That was a Sunday.

A Rationalist. That won't wash, yer know. 'Ow could she look out of a winder without any 'ed?

The Better-inf. P. I'm on'y tellin' it to you as I 'eard it. I ain't sayin' there mayn't be exaggerations—I don't believe it, an' I don't disbelieve it. But it stands to reason there must be somethink for it to git into the papers.

An Enlightened Person. It's illogical and ridiculous to lay it down dogmatic that there can't be no ghosts. I 'old there are ghosts, on'y that, looked at correctly from the scientific point o' view, there ain't anything soopernatural about them.

The Rationalist. If they ain't soopernatural, they ain't ghosts—and then what are they? Kin you answer me that?

The Enlight. P. Certingly I can. Ghosts, my friend, are jest simple ordinary finonemons like you and me.

The Rationalist. I ain't a ghost—nor yet I ain't a finonemon, as I'm aware of.

The En. P. (pitilyngly). You don't take my point. A ghost, accordin to the best modern theories, is a spirituous hemanation, or, to make it clearer to the vulgar comp'rension, a form of natural gas.





*Macbeth for a trifle*

Cockney Macbeth (a trifle "stuffy" in his words) bellows out: "'ANG OUT OUR BANNERS ON THE HOUTWARD WALLS! THE CRY IS—'LET 'EM ALL COME!'"

*The Rationalist.* Well, there 's plenty o' nateral gas about you, ole man, any way.

*The Enl. P.* That 's your opinion. But lemme ask you, 'Ave you read 'UXLEY? No? Well, —I've. And till you 've examined 'is arguments for yourself, and 'eard what skience 'as to say on the subjee', don't expose your ignorance by passin' an opinion.

*Al.* "to 'Melia. You are a gal to come out walkin' with, I don't think. Allays wantin' to stop and stare at nothink. Now, if it was a 'orse down, or a good set-to, you 'd be wantin' to parss on as like as not!

*'Melia.* But AL., I jest 'eard them sayin' there was a ghost over in that 'ouse there. Do less stop a bit and see it!

*Al.* (tolerantly). Oh, all right. We come out to enjoy ourselves. I'm on it . . . Lor! did yer see that?

*'Melia* (startled). No! Where? What did you see, AL.? Anythink outer the w'y?

*Al.* Outer the w'y! Look at that bedroom winder. Meanter say you didn't see a lydy with a green fice and no eyes in it come round the curtin and wyve a grite 'and in a white cotton glove at yer? There! there she comes agin! I dunno if yer call that outer the w'y!

*'Melia* (giggling, but uneasy). Don't go on so foolish. You didn't see it. Not really, AL.?

*Al.* Strite I did, though . . . There 's another on 'em now—a sight uglier—a plynin' peep-bo beyind the chimley-pots.

*Mrs. Yallapp* (severely). Beyave yourself, young man, unless you want a jedgment. You won't tork so light if you do see the ghost, as it 's about the time she 'ave been seen—and by your betters too!

*Al.* What does she do? Step out on the balc'ny and drop curtsies? I wish she 'd 'urry up.

[A faint glimmer is seen in one of the upper windows: sensation amongst crowd.]

*Crowd.* That 's 'er. See that? There it goes again! Now what d'ye think?

*The Enl. P.* It 's a form of phosphorescence, that 's all. Nothink contrary to the Laws o' Nature about it.

*Al.* (as the light disappears). Garn, it 's some one trying to strike a match, that 's all it is. (The glimmer re-appears in a lower story; presently something resembling a white face and pale drapery is indistinctly seen behind a window pane.) It—it 's one of the slaveys goin' to bed, that 's all.

*A Bystander* (in a hollow voice). No ribaldry, young man, if you please. That 'ouse, to my certin knowledge, ain't been lived in for the last nine months.

*Al.* (unsteadily). An' no bloomin' wonder! You ain't frightened, 'Melia, are yer? She won't 'urt yer. 'Ere, k-ketch 'old o' me!

*Mrs. Yallapp.* I never thought to ha' lived to see a ghost. Of all the 'orrid gashly expressions!

*Mrs. Umney.* Ah, I told you if you on'y 'ad pytience—(The fan-light over the front door becomes feebly illuminated.) Lor, it 's comin' downstairs now! (The spectators draw back instinctively.) I do 'ope it 'll stay indoors. . . . Look, if there ain't a four wheel keeb drove up to the very door. I wouldn't be inside it for somethink—it 's enough to give any 'orse a turn.

*A Constable* (arriving on the scene). Now then, what 's all this? What are you a-blockin' up the thoroughfare for like this, hey? There ain't nothin' to see.

*Mrs. Yallapp.* Oh, Mr. Constable, there 's a keeb and a lydy and gentleman and two pore children gettin' out of it!

*Constable.* Bin to the Pantimime, most likely. What of it, mum?

*Mrs. Yallapp.* Why, they 're goin' into No. 13! Do go over and stop 'em—afore it 's too late!

*Constable.* What should I stop 'em from goin' into their own 'ouse for?

*Mrs. Yall.* But it ain't—it 's the 'Aunted 'Ouse—and—and the ghost 's a-waitin' for them in the passage!

*Constable* (as the door of No. 13 is opened by a neat little parlour-maid in a white apron and cross-over). And a very 'andy sperrit too—just lit the gas for 'em. I wish I 'ad a ghost like that to open the door to me! 'Ere, if all you people 'ave supped full enough of 'orrors, you 'd better go 'ome, 'stead o' makin' yourselves ridiculous like this!

[The crowd on reflection consider it advisable to adopt this suggestion and melt away.]

*Al.* (as he retires). Frightened? Not me! I was kiddin' all the time. They were a proper set o' jays, them others, eh?

*Mrs. Yall.* Never do I come ghost 'untin' with you no more, Mrs. UMNEY, mum, so mark my words!

*Mrs. Umney.* If the papers go and git the wrong address for the ghost, mum, I ain't responsible.

*Mrs. Yall.* (with concentrated scorn). Responsible? That you ain't! You and yer ghosts!

#### WHO'S HE?

In the list of pensions granted during the year ended 20th June, 1898, and charged upon the Civil List, appears an entry of £225 to "Mr. WILLIAM ERNEST HANLEY in recognition of his literary merits and his inadequate means of support." £225 is a pretty large slice out of an available total of £1,200. Mr. WILLIAM ERNEST HANLEY's literary merits must be great in proportion. But who is he, and what has he written? W. E. HENLEY we know (or knew) as editor of a fractious, superior, now defunct weekly paper that adulated ARTHUR BALFOUR and saw no good in GLADSTONE. But surely Mr. HANBURY, who is responsible for the issue of the Civil Pensions List which bears his signature, cannot be so ignorant of literary affairs as to confound a "HANLEY" with the HENLEY. It greatly diminishes the value of a boon to be mis-called by name when it is tossed to you.

A UNION OF HANDS AND HEARTS.—The amalgamation of the L. C. and D. and S. E. Railway Lines promises well. The third problem of EUCLID has so far been satisfactorily solved, and "from the greater of two given straight lines,"—for both the Lines are as "straight" as possible,—is cut off a part equal to the less. Q.E.D. "Let it be granted" by "powers" "that a railway line may be drawn from any one point to any other point," and that "profits may be produced to any amount," and the results must be satisfactory. The Chairman of the Amalgamated Companies is Mr. Cosmo-politan BONSOR, M.P., who, after Boz (L. C. and D.) and Cor (S. E. R.), have exclaimed, "My long-lost brother! What shall separate us? What shall tear us asunder?" will join in the triumphal trio, to the tune of *Rataplan*, "What a plan! plan! plan!" and "if all friends in front are pleased then Boz, Cor, and BONSOR are satisfied."

A MAN WHO BEATS ABOUT THE BUSH.—An Australian.